*Meſſ.* At Billingſgate my Lord.
*Falſt.* I hope my Lord al's wel,what is the newes my lord?
*Lord* Come all his forces backe?
*Meſſ.* No,fifteen hundred foot,fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland,and the Archbiſhop.
*Falſt.* Comes the King back from Wales,my noble lord?
*Lord* You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come,go along with me,good maſter Gower.
*Falſt.* My lord.
*Lord* Whats the matter?
*Falſtaffe* Maiſter Gower, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?
*Gower* I muſt waite vpon my good lord here,I thank you good ſir Iohn.
*Lord* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In Counties as you go.
*Falſtaffe* Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter Gower?
*Lord* What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners,ſir Iohn?
*Falſtaffe* Maiſter Gower,if they become me not,hee was a foole that taught them mee : this is the right fencing grace,my Lord,tap for tap,and ſo part faire.
*Lord* Now the Lord lighten thee,thou art a great foole.
*Enter the Prince,Poynes,ſir Iohn Ruſſel,with other.*
*Prince* Before God,I am exceeding weary.
*Poynes* Iſt come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.
*Prince* Faith it does me,though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not ſhew vildly in me,to deſire ſmall beere?
*Poynes* Why a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.
*Prince* Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth,I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere.

But



But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to mee to remember thy name?or to know thy face to morow?or to take note how many paire of ſilke ſtockings thou haſt with theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach colourd once,or to beare the inuentorie of thy ſhirts,as one for ſuperfluitie, and another for vſe. But that the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepeſt not racket there,as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of the low Countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether thoſe that bal out the ruines of thy linnen ſhal inherite his kingdom: but the Midwiues ſay, the children are not in the fault whereupon the world increaſes, and kinreds are mightily ſtrengthened.
*Poynes* How ill it followes, after you haue labored ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo ydlely! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe ſo,their fathers being ſo ſicke, as yours at this time is.
*Prince* Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?
*Poynes* Yes faith,and let it be an excellent good thing.
*Prince* It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.
*Poynes* Go to,I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.
*Prince* Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I ſhould bee ſad now my father is ſicke,albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleaſes me for fault of a better to call my friend,I could be ſad, and ſad indeede too.
*Poynes* Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.
*Prince* By this hand, thou thinkeſt me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and Falſtaffe: for obduracie and perſiſtancie, let the end trie the man,but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick, and keeping ſuch vile company as thou arte, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrowe.
*Poynes* The reaſon.

*Prince.*